



'Ow often have mine eyes (thine eye's  
apprentice Bound by the Earnest of a sunny  
look), Ta'en a judicial view of all thy  
graces ! Which here are registered in  
lasting book, How oft have I, thy precious  
chain been fingering, That ninefold circles  
thy delicious neck ! While they, the orb-like  
spheres of heaven resembling, Thy face the  
Globe ! which men clep Empenck.

How oft with wanton touches have I prest  
Those breasts, more soft than silver down of  
swans; When they by Alcidelian springs do  
rest ! Of which pure substance are thy lily  
hands.

But now, though eyes ne see, nor arms  
embrace thee; Who yet shall let, in  
thought, me chief to place thee ?



[jRouD in thy love, how many have I cited.  
Impartial, thee to view ! whose eyes have  
lavished Sweet beauteous objects oft have  
men delighted, But thou, above delight, their  
sense hast ravished ! They, amorous artists,  
Thee pronounced Love's Queen ! And unto thy  
supremacy did swear, "VENUS, at Paphos keep  
! no more be seen !" Now CUPID, after Thee,  
his shafts shall bear!

How have I spent my spirit of Invention In  
penning amorous stanzas to thy beauty ? But  
heavenly graces may not brook dimension; No  
more may thine ! for infinite they be. But now,  
in harsh tune, I, of amours sing, My pipe for  
them, grows hoarse ! but shrill, to plaining !